No. 2764
Vol. CCXIII.

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THE SKETCH,
SEPTEMBER 13, 1950

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The Sketch

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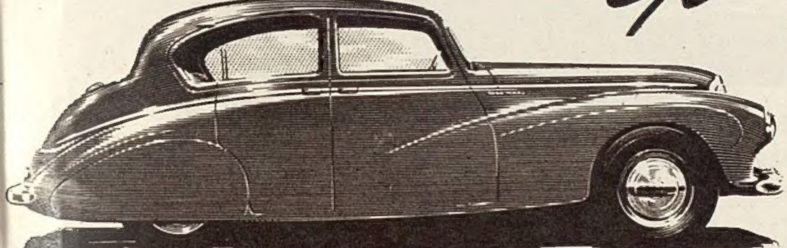

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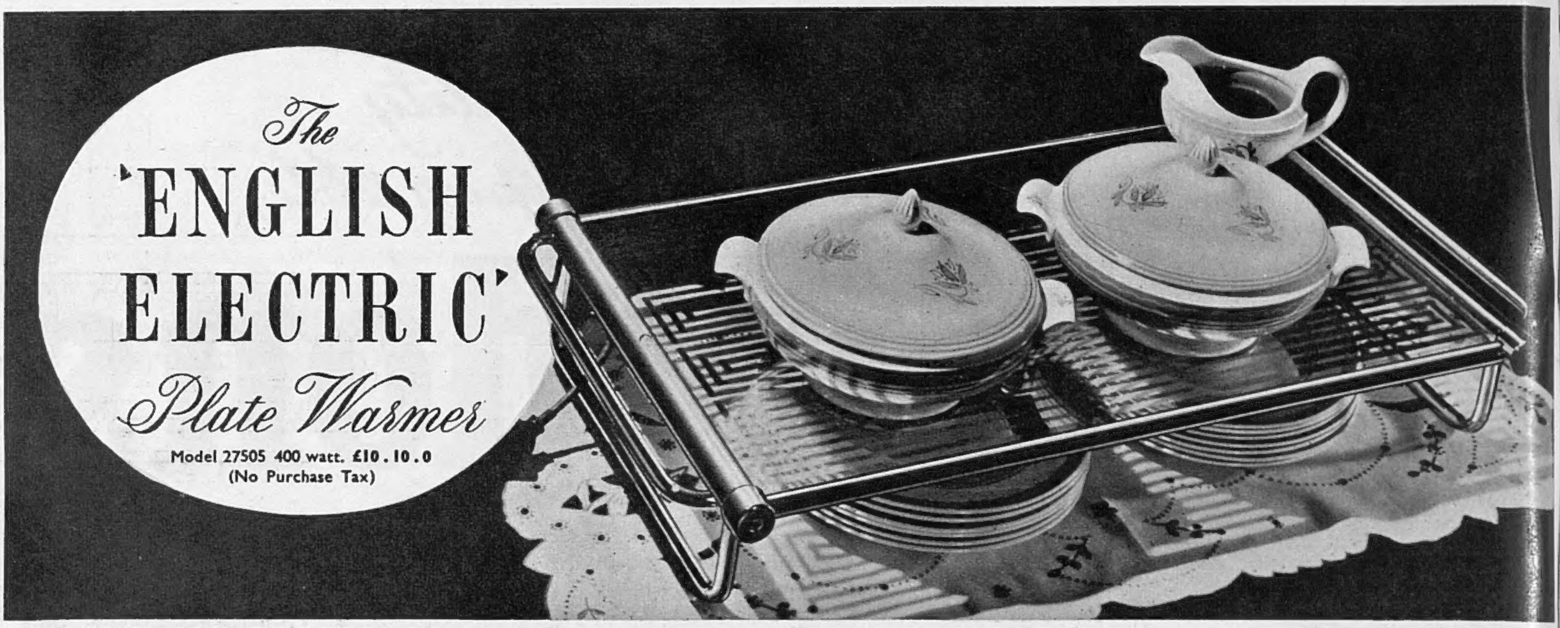

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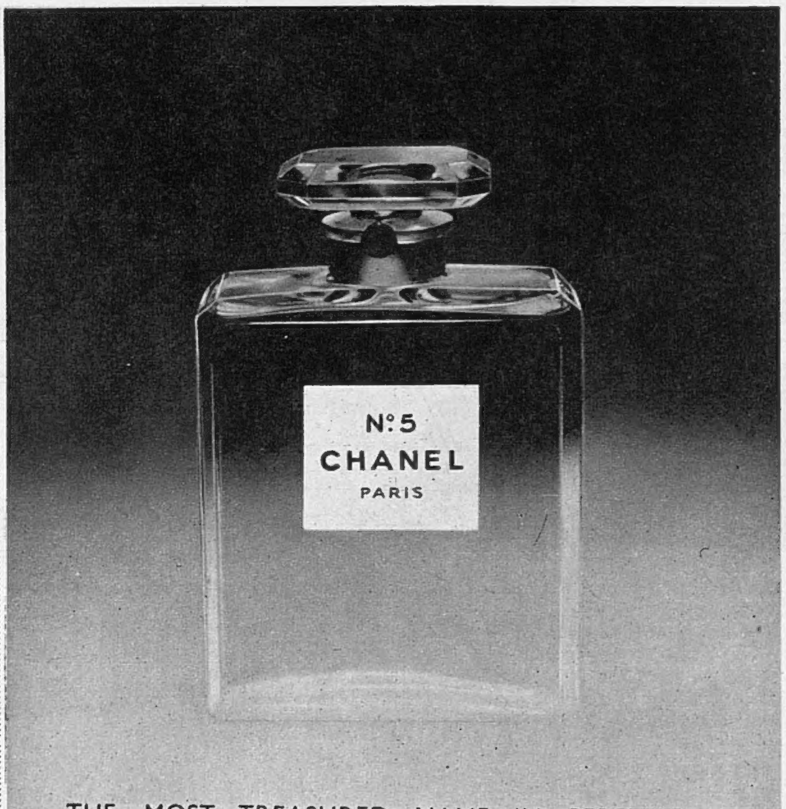

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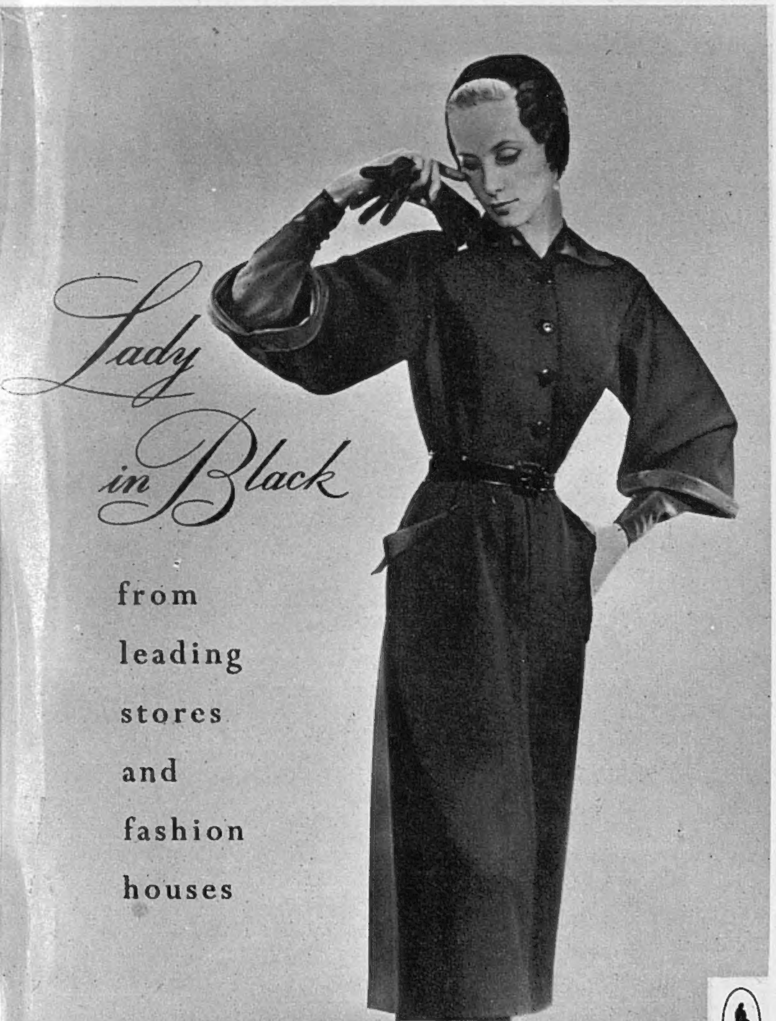

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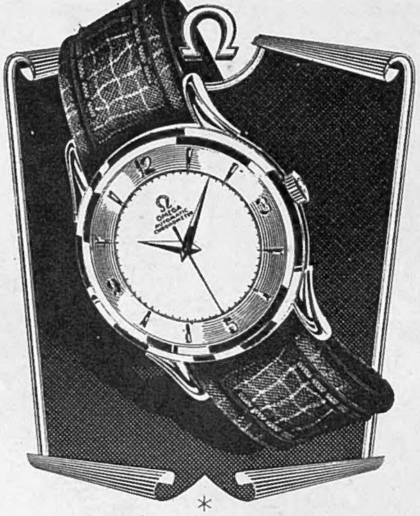

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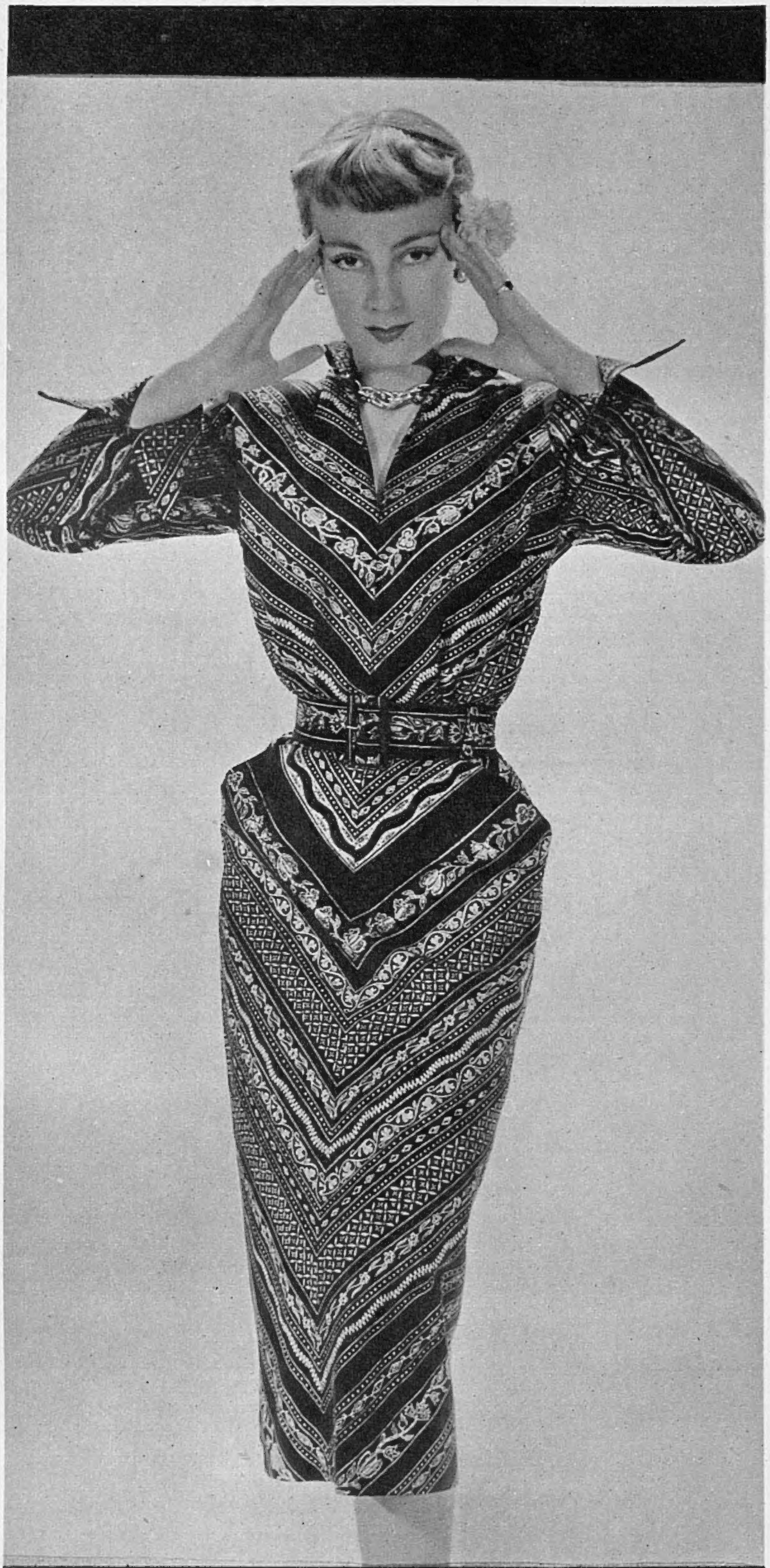

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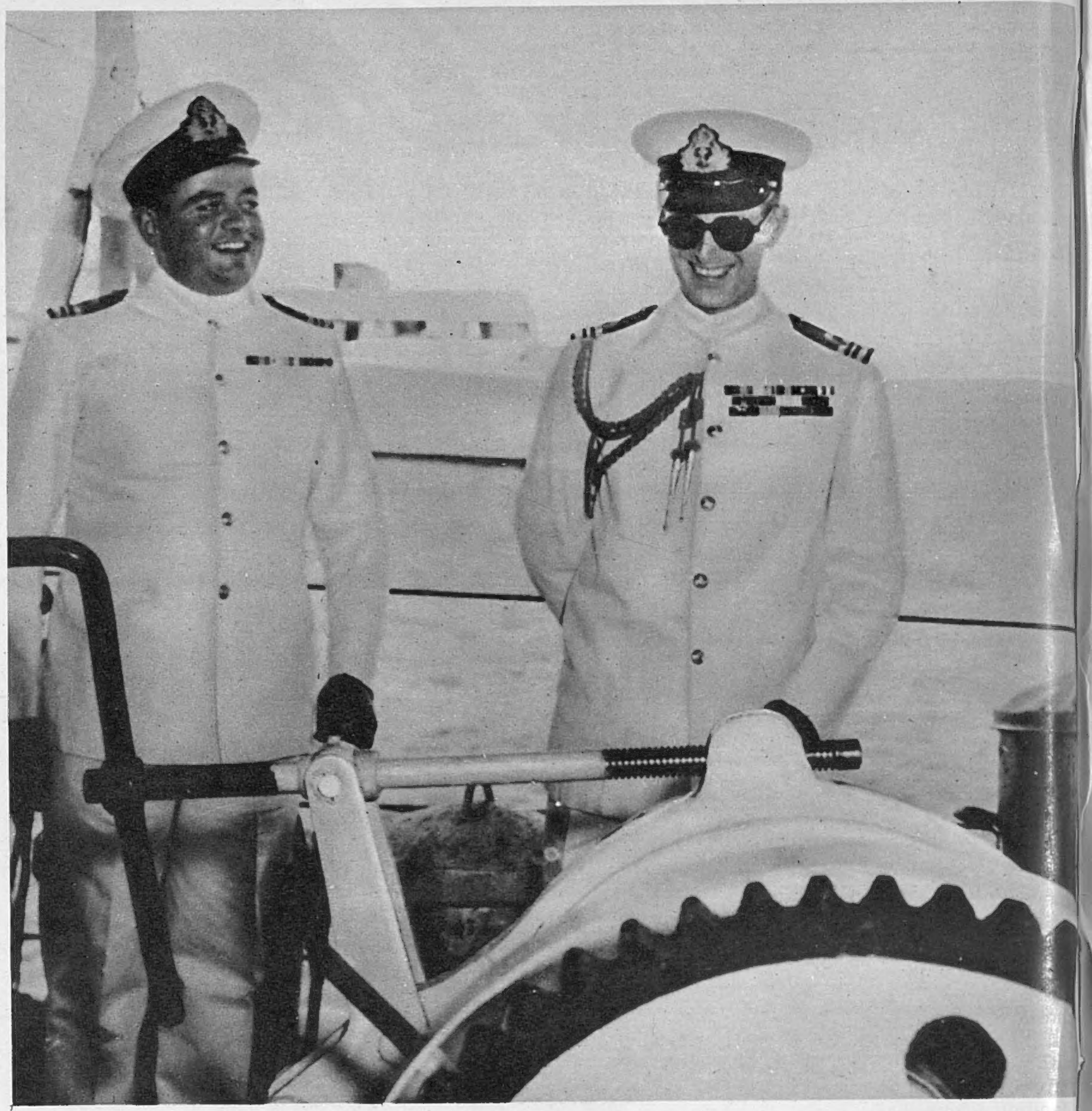
—SOMETHING SO VERY DIFFERENT

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1950

Photographed by Anthony Buckley.

THREE'S COMPANY

OF the trio of castaways in *The Little Hut* at the Lyric, Joan Tetzel plays Robert Morley's wife, David Tomlinson's lover. Adapted by Nancy Mitford from Andre Roussin's light comedy ; is directed by Peter Brook and has décor by Oliver Messel.



At Malta Lieut.-Commander the Duke of Edinburgh took over his first command, the 1430-ton frigate *Magpie*.

Sketch-Book

Beverley Baxter

IT is perhaps a little late to discover the French, but not too late to re-discover them. The last time I was in France was in the winter of 1939-40, when the snow and the guns contributed equally to the silence of the unnatural war. For the third time in living memory the Gaul and the Teuton faced each other for the decision of arms.

Now, ten years later, we were going to Le Touquet for the hazards of the golf, the swim and the tables. Would it be possible to recover the spirit of other days, when the Dolly Sisters were queens of the Casino, when Gordon Selfridge would risk £10,000 on a single coup, where we went to bed at dawn and dined late in the evening? Is it not a fact that life has become real and earnest and that we have forgotten how to play?

Beset with doubts, for I had originally intended to go highbrow at Salzburg, I packed two volumes of Carlyle's French Revolution in my case. There is much to be said for reading such a work in the country which supplies the scene. The excesses of the French Revolution, as Lady Bracknell would have said, seem the worst of bad form when read in the stolid sanity of England, but the moment one sets foot in France, anything and everything seems possible and even logical.

Despite the reproaches of our friends, who said that by aeroplane you can cross to Le Touquet in ten or fifteen minutes, or some such absurdity, we travelled by train and steamer, both under the control of British Railways. It was in mid-week, and therefore we had the pleasant luxury of an empty compartment, with attendants who thoughtfully supplied such beverages as came to our mind. On the boat we were ushered to a cabin, and once again enjoyed such courtesy and comfort that we were almost sad when the boat came to rest in the ancient harbour of Boulogne. That is the worst of a short crossing by water. The wind, the cry of the gulls and the swaying of the

The recent dispute in the printing industry has resulted in this issue of *The Sketch* being a day or two late, for which we offer our apology.

ship send one's mind philandering, and it seems a pity not to set out for the open sea and make a real voyage of it.

The French Customs officials showed no interest in our luggage or our monetary situation, and we were escorted to a car which the hotel had sent for us and were driven 20 miles to our destination. We had been *en route* for a little over four hours, just long enough, with its variety of scene and locomotion, to attune the mind to new sensations. In other words, we breakfasted in London and lunched in Le Touquet, and in that time our eyes and senses had taken their own nourishment. Why the rush ? Already I was deep into Carlyle and realised the richness of the chapters to come.

It is easy to disparage one's own country and extol the foreigner, indeed, it is a long-established British custom, but for a moment I want to discuss hotels and waiters. It is difficult to believe that a French waiter has any other interests but serving food and drink. If you lunch at two o'clock, or even later, he seems more pleased, because he can give special concentration to your wishes. Equally, if you dine at half-past nine, he makes the whole thing an event.

Food is part of the spiritual expression of the French, and I do not believe that they have ever heard of calories. The chef is an artist, unseen, unthanked, but dedicated to his art. The waiter puts a dish before you and praises it to the point of ecstasy. He is delighted to place the masterpiece from the kitchen before Madame and Monsieur. He waits apprehensively while we take the first bite. We indicate that it is good. His happiness is complete. Then the wine waiter appears. We explain that we are *pauvres Anglais* allowed so much and no more by the British Treasury. He brushes the confession aside with perfect understanding and recommends a Beaujolais which is only 400 francs, or roughly 8s.

But he serves it as if it were nectar and that we were from Olympus. Our own waiter, a second waiter and the head waiter stand by like a Greek chorus ready to proclaim victory or disaster. I taste the wine and say that it is quite good, for with such an audience I must not scatter superlatives. They indicate their complete understanding. Monsieur is right. It is quite good, no more, no less. This is the age of Beaujolais, and they have heard of Sir Stafford Creeps.

Throughout our fortnight there was never a moment when the waiters performed their task as though it were mere routine, or indicated that there was such a thing in existence as a clock. There was a service charge, but when we departed I presented the head waiter, the wine waiter and our particular waiter with 500 francs each ; in other words, a 10s. tip, which was all that I had got. Their pleasure was so great that we all shook hands and parted with protestations of regard, friendship and mutual gratitude.

A Socialist might say that they were no more than slaves pandering to the bourgeoisie. I say that within their own sphere they were artists, expressionists and even perfectionists. They were young, and therefore probably have their dreams of some day owning a café or even an hotel of their own. But if we in Britain are going to compete with France for dollar tourists, it might be as well to remember that in French hotels it is the client who makes the rules and arranges the time-table. But then, of course, the French never had the blessings of Mr. Bevan's Catering Act.

At golf, after her mother had caddied for me for three days, I inherited the lady's youngest daughter, of some fourteen years of age, with the pretty name of Jacqueline. Jacqueline is the thirteenth child of Madame and is the proud possessor of twenty uncles and aunts. Jacqueline has a will of her own, especially about a lost ball. There is no use in telling her to come on because we are holding up the course. She is French, and even if Monsieur is a fool, a ball costs money and must be recovered. It was, in fact, a remarkable sight when on occasion one hooked a ball deep into the woods to see the tiny little creature streaking across the course like a whippet, with the heavy bag of clubs over her shoulder as if it weighed no more than a knapsack.

Not that she was a perfect caddie. Her theory of golf is that only two clubs are used, the driver and the putter. As she always darted ahead in order to watch the doubtful course of the ball it was somewhat disconcerting to arrive on the tee with a driver for a 130-yard shot to the green. But then all women are given to over-simplification.

The great moment on the beach at Le Touquet is when the guard turns up and blows his warning trumpet to the swimmers. The tide does funny things there, and when the trumpet blows it is best to come to shore. One morning this led to a highly dramatic scene in which I was inadvertently involved. The incoming tide had formed a lake of about 2 ft. in depth between the surf and the shore, when the warning blast went. Like a Brighton tripper I was paddling in this modest pool when a middle-aged Frenchman in shorts and bare legs rushed to me and, waving his hands, frantically urged me to save his daughter.

His anguish was so terrific that I asked him where his daughter was. He waved wildly towards a girl of about fifteen who was cut off by the 2-ft. lake. I suggested that since she was in no danger and that his costume was more fitting for the purpose than mine, he should salvage his own progeny. His execrations and lamentations shattered the air and made the very waters quiver. Finally, in the name of humanity, he made a last appeal to me, but just then the young lady walked through the lake and arrived safely.

The re-union was very affecting, and then in a deep calm they walked away together. It just couldn't happen in England.

I have left the Casino to the last because, as always, this is a painful subject. Yet my misfortunes were not without a certain melancholy dignity. At three o'clock one morning I was the sole remaining player at the cheap roulette table. I had five 100-franc chips left, in other words, 10s. The *changeur* was at his place, the *croupier* spun the ball, the two assistant *croupiers*, with their rakes, sat poised for the onslaught.

Four times I ventured and lost. "*Faites vos jeux !*" proclaimed the *croupier*, as if I were a crowd instead of a lone survivor. I looked at the table and then, with what I think was a superb gesture, I tossed the last chip on the table.

"*Pour les personelles,*" I said.

To which came the answering chorus : "*Merci, Monsieur ! Pour les employés.*" Which was the end of the play. The next day as King Farouk was due to arrive we left for home. There is not room at Le Touquet for two gamblers of the calibre of Farouk and myself.

So we have come back with a hundred vivid contrasted impressions and a considerable rejuvenation of the spirit. The mad stridency of the French motor horns . . . the woman golfer in the foursomes competition shouting at her partner to be calm as he faced a 1-ft. putt at the last hole . . . the turbulent storms that gather swiftly from a cloudless sky and lash the earth with fury . . . the ruins where the R.A.F. left their calling-cards in the war . . . the cry of the *croupier* inviting outsiders to come and steal your bank . . . the sharp staccato bark of French dogs . . . the sounds of morning as the streets come to life.

It is good to have been to France again, even if beneath the liveliness and warm humanity of it all, one senses the ghostly figure of a German soldier in the army of occupation. That is what France is trying to forget and cannot forget. That is the shadow across the face of the moon.

Beverley Baxter

Photograph by Angus McBean.

LESLIE BRIDGEWATER

MUSIC ADVISER to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, composed the musical setting for this year's distinguished production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, with John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

DATE-BOOK
(Our Social Diary)

AUG. 16.

(Left.) Mme. Ramirez and Mme. Buero (right), who attended the Brazilian Embassy reception to officers of training ship Admirante Saldanha, visiting Portsmouth.

AUG. 17.

(Right.) Lady Anne Coke. She also sells fruit and flowers at her parents' Norfolk home, Holkham Hall.

AT THE BRAZILIAN EMBASSY.

FOR THE ESTATE.

AUG. 19.

(Left.) "Off duty" from Drumlanrig Castle shoot. Inspecting gravestones (1415) by Durisdeer Church are the Duchesses of Northumberland and Buccleuch, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Baroness Juel of Denmark.

(Right.) Further south on the same day Major Faudel Phillips, M.B.E., lectured to youngsters of the New Forest Branch of the Pony Club at their camp at Somerley Park, Ringwood, by the kindness of the Earl of Normanton.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH'S PARTY.

NEW FOREST PONY CLUB.

AUGUST 23.

When this grouse-shooting season opened the Scottish moors were visited by many distinguished people, including (left) Don Juan, Count of Barcelona and Pretender to the Spanish throne, his Countess, and (right) the Marqués and Marquésa Manzanedo.

ON THE PERTHSHIRE MOORS.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

GARRARD — MOYLAN WEDDING.

HICKS — DUNCAN WEDDING.

AUG. 25.

(Left.) At the Savoy Chapel, Mr. John Garrard married Miss Margaret Moylan.

AUG. 26.

(Right.) At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. William Hicks, Coldstream Guards, married Miss Jean Duncan.

ON FOLKESTONE'S BEACH

AUG. 26.

Folkestone holiday: Sir Robert and Lady Barlow (Margaret Rawlings), in centre, with daughter Jane; and Norwegian friends, Mrs. Signe Sykes and Mrs. Ruth Johannsen, with their children.

WINNERS AT EDINBURGH HORSE SHOW.

AUG. 26.

Edinburgh Horse Show. Left: The Countess of Barcelona presented the trophy to Mr. Sorbey, who won the Driving Turn-out event for Hackneys. Right: Mr. George Johnston, winner of the Open Jumping Competition, received a cup from Mr. Sword.

-BOOK

AUG. 29.

By special 'plane from Northolt, F.-M. Sir William and Lady Slim, their daughter, and forty other guests, flew to Jersey for the wedding (right) of A.D.C. Major G. Llewellyn, Scots Guards, to Miss Loveday Bolitho.

WEDDING IN JERSEY.

SEPT. 2.

The R. Corinthian, R. Burnham and Crouch Yacht Clubs competed at Burnham Week. Left: Ruth Herring, Michael Awly, Mrs. P. Herring. Right, l. to r.: Mr. H. Blackall, Sir Heneage Ogilvie.

BURNHAM YACHTING WEEK.

SEPT. 5.

(Left.) From Admiral Conolly, C.-in-C., U.S.N. Forces in the East Atlantic and Mediterranean, Captain Tom Hussey received the Legion of Merit for co-operative services rendered. Lady Veronica Hussey was there, too.

SEPT. 6.

(Right.) Mr. A. R. Maillard Carr, a don at Oxford, married, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Miss Sara Strickland, daughter of the late Mr. A. W. Strickland, and of Lady Mary Lyon.

AMERICAN DECORATION FOR R.N. OFFICER.

MAILLARD CARR — STRICKLAND WEDDING.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

DIPLOMAT IN THE SUN.

FILM MAGNATE OFF DUTY.

SEPT. 1.

Biarritz. *(Left.) Basking in the sun, sand and sea of France's Côte d'Argent, America's Ambassador to France—Mr. David Bruce.*

(Right.) Also in **Biarritz.** *Hollywood magnate Darryl Zanuck, and his wife.*

DESIGNER ON THE RIVIERA.

VENETIAN HOLIDAY.

SEPT. 2.

(Left.) At **Sainte-Maxime,** *under that Mediterranean sky: designer Richard and Mrs. Lonsdale-Hands*

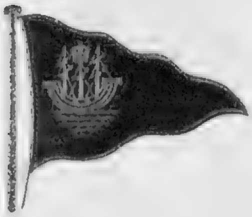
SEPT. 2.

(Right.) In **Venice** *on holiday: Captain the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, a former Governor of the Bahamas, and Lady Clifford.*

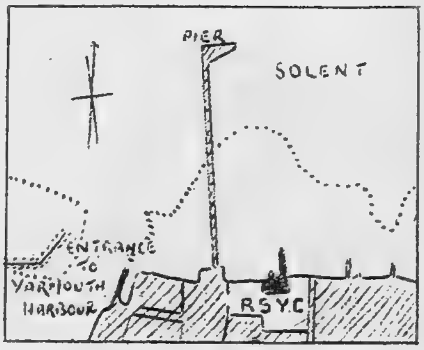
IN VENICE FOR FILM FESTIVAL.

SEPT. 2.

Still in **Venice.** *Left: Lady Diana Cooper leaving Gritti Palace Hotel with the Italian painter, Gian Galeazzo Severi. Right: Sir Duff Cooper with stars Maria Montez, Jean-Pierre Aumont, watched film during the Film Festival.*



EXTRACTS
from the log of the
ROYAL SOLENT YACHT CLUB



The Royal Solent Yacht Club, founded in 1878, overlooks the Solent east of Yarmouth Harbour. Youngsters number 40 of the membership of 460, the West Wight Scows being very popular with them.

Handicap Class races provide sport from May to October for all comers—starters ranging from small dinghies to 10-tonners.

Pictures show: 1. The Clubhouse. 2. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Caulcott. 3. Yarmouth One-Designs racing. 4. Race officers—left, Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Davidson, and right, the Commodore, Colonel Cunningham.

Candid Cameo

ANTHONY QUAYLE

By "Urtica"

PERHAPS no other man has given birth to such a host of disciples, idolators, revilers, denigrators, pundits and cranks as William Shakespeare. The plays are either sacrosanct, untouchable or counterfeit, and woe to him who tampers, cuts, revises or innovates. Try to make a plausible film of *Hamlet* and the purists will bemoan the absence of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Try to play Macbeth as a philosophical soldier and some critics will complain that he should have been played as a soldierly philosopher. Even try to say Shakespeare wrote the plays and the followers of Francis Bacon, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Rutland and others, will thump the table with cyphers and Folios and Quartos to prove sweet William a fool, a knave and an impostor.

There is no more palpable target for these critical and abusive arrows than the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. And as its Director, thirty-six-year-old Anthony Quayle is acutely conscious of both his vulnerability and his responsibility. Before the war the Memorial Theatre was noted more for its steady level of mediocrity than for its occasional patches of brilliance, and its reputation was little higher than that of a second-rate repertory company. The six-month season, plus two extra months for rehearsal, demands almost a year of an actor's life, and established players are reluctant to remain so long out of West End circulation.

Nevertheless, in two short years Anthony Quayle has provided convincing evidence of his powers of persuasion. In his utilitarian-looking theatre on the banks of the Avon—its outward appearance has been uncharitably compared to a granary, a gasometer, and worse—capacity audiences throughout the 1949 and 1950 seasons have been enchanted by the acting of John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, Godfrey Tearle, Diana Wynyard, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Leon Quartermaine; the productions of Tyrone Guthrie, Peter Brook, Gielgud, and Quayle; and the décor of Tanya Moiseiwitsch, Leslie Hurry and Peter Brook. Even the Old Vic cannot boast of a richer abundance of talent, and an invitation to perform at Stratford is now recognised as a ribbon of merit rather than a badge of obscurity.

Not that these achievements have stilled the Bardolators. "Some complain that the productions are over-pictorial, others that they 're dull, others that they are too long, and others that they 've been cut," Mr. Quayle told me, "but the chief complaint seems to be that they can't get in."

The handling of artists requires tact, authority, imagination and experience. Anthony Quayle's training as an actor and his activities during the war have helped provide him with the necessary mental equipment for his job as Director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. It is not easy to remain unconvinced by this tall, broad-shouldered, almost boyish-faced man whose manner is compounded of charm, modesty and vigour. He is always articulate and nearly always plausible. He can buttonhole with a smile. He can say "no" and look "yes." And he is prepared to dig deep into his store of youth and enthusiasm.

Mr. Quayle's acting career has been a steady and unspectacular pull to a safe and respectable niche just below the best actors of the day. His presence, his voice and his intelligence lead one to suspect that he might have become an even better actor had other interests not diverted him on the way. Since the war he has divided his time between acting, producing and writing.

In fact, Tony Quayle, a lawyer's son born in 1913 in Ainsdale, Lancashire, wanted to be a writer when he was at Rugby. Amateur dramatics at school whetted his appetite for the stage, and with his mother to encourage him he entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts when he was eighteen.

From small parts in the Old Vic, the young Quayle went on to intermittent appearances in London. "I was in and out of work—mostly out," he told me. His dark, broad, somewhat Slavic features ("My people came from the Isle of Man and there is a mixture of Welsh, Polish and English in me") handicapped him. "I was never good-looking or English-looking enough to play dinner-jacket parts," he explained, "nor was I ugly enough for character parts." But by 1938 he had become well-enough established to cease being unduly worried about getting work. In 1939 he was asked to play leading parts at the Old Vic, and then came the war. "One more year and one more season and I would have been in a good position," he said, rather ruefully.

The war proved to Anthony Quayle that he could do other things beside act. From the Artillery he was switched to Intelligence, and in 1942 he was appointed as a military assistant to the Governor of Gibraltar. Here, in his spare time, he produced and acted in plays for the troops. Later he was parachuted into Albania to carry out liaison with resistance groups.

When he left the Army as a major, he felt he had material enough for a novel, and *Eight Hours from England*, a fictionalised story based on his Albanian experiences, was the result. He followed this up with *On Such a Night*, "partly because I enjoyed writing and partly because I didn't want it to be said that the first book was only a flash in the pan." Both novels were encouragingly received by the critics and the public.

But it was to the stage that he returned for his livelihood. While he played in a revival of *The Rivals* in 1945, he decided to try his hand at producing. His impressive manipulation of a complicated set and large crowds in *Crime and Punishment* was highly praised, and he showed his versatility by following this with a delightful interpretation of the Restoration comedy *The Relapse*. Later on he produced the American comedy, *Harvey*.

For the 1948 season at Stratford, Sir Barry Jackson asked Mr. Quayle to play as Iago in *Othello*, the King in *Hamlet*, and Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and to produce three of the Festival plays. When Sir Barry Jackson's contract expired at the end of that year, the Governors of the Memorial Theatre invited Anthony Quayle to become the new Director.

Mr. Quayle is aware of the fact that in Shakespeare the verse is the thing. "Although the picture-frame architecture of the theatre demands a certain degree of pictorialism and colour, it must not be allowed to swamp the poetry," he said. He is opposed to those pundits and critics who resent any innovations in the production of Shakespeare. "They would soon have us doing a formalised version of *Hamlet* and we would all be bored by it," he said. "I believe fresh producers and designers with new ideas revivify Shakespeare. It may annoy the purists, but it keeps the plays vital."

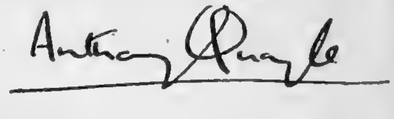
His most ambitious project is to make the Memorial Theatre not merely a national institution, but an international one. The Company's triumphant tour of Australia and New Zealand, which ended early this year, has fired him with a desire to take the best of Shakespeare to the rest of the English-speaking world. By 1952 he would like to have two Stratford companies—one travelling through America, Canada and the Dominions, and the other at home on the Avon. The only place Anthony Quayle does not at present envisage taking his company is London. "Damn London!" he said. "Let London come to us."

★

Who . . . Me?

SO this is what I look like "from the front of the house"—Quayle fellow, well met! It 's odd to read a notice of one's performance, so far, in life. You 've certainly criticised me, Urtica, in a most kindly light. Of course, there are one or two things about which I 'd say "No"—and look "No."

You see, I don't think anyone who is doing creative work—acting, painting, composing—likes to be told he 's stuck in a niche at the age of thirty-six, as if he were a dead saint. Niches, labels and pigeon-holes do save a critic time, don't you agree? But *nichevo*! There 's no likelihood of my being canonised in Stratford yet! And you know, I do think you 've been unfair to pre-war Stratford and the many fine artists who have played here in the past. Did you never see *any* memorable performances here? . . . or perhaps you 've just never managed to get here either before or since the war? What 's so stimulating about working for William Shakespeare is that he will not tolerate anything but the truth—about oneself or anyone else. I 'd love to see *his* answer to a Candid Cameo!



Photomontage by Angus McBean

MAN OF STRATFORD: ANTHONY QUAYLE

c

SPORT—THE LONGS AND THE SHORTS OF IT

Photographed by Karsh.

LOUIS JOUVET . . .

. . . one of France's finest actors and a great favourite in films over here. His own Theatre Group in Paris, the Compagnie Jouvet de Théâtre de l'Athenée, played at the 1947 Edinburgh Festival. He has starred in many films, including *Entre Onze Heures et Minuit.*

ROYAL BRAEMAR

A crowd of 30,000 people welcomed the King and Queen and Princess Margaret to the Braemar Gathering, held in the Princess Royal Park. The Royal party was met by Lord Aberdeen, and by Captain A. A. Farquharson,

a patron of the Games, seen in the picture second from left, with his wife, making a recording. At the opening the Massed Pipe Band swung magnificently round the arena, and (right-hand picture) Mr. George McLennan of Aberdeen played the air "Braemar Gathering," which was written by his father during the 1914-18 war, and specially chosen this year by the Royal Braemar Highland Society.

Photograph by Cecil Beaton

1. EILEEN HERLIE as the third "Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

TWO LADIES I

Photograph by Angus McBean

II. DIANA CHURCHILL plays opposite Emlyn Williams in his new play *Accolade.*

N THE LEAD

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Lester Piggott, Britain's youngest jockey, rides to fame at the age of fourteen. At Folkestone he beat Gordon Richards in the Kent Handicap to bring his 25th winner in to victory.

Erik Muller, the Mayfair milliner, of 51, Brook Street, designs under difficulties hats that women rave about. Whilst the American artist, Edward Hurst, sketches him, he fashions felts, fishnets and feathers into fetching new models.

Alexander Wozniak has given us ideas about winter-water-sports with his latest invention, foot-boats, which caused quite a stir when he ski-ed over the canal at Monton, Lancashire.

Mrs. Carwithan, veteran pram-wheeler, won her eighth victory in the pram race, which is one of the high-lights of the Sulton Harbour Regatta, Plymouth.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

LT.-COL. HARRY LLEWELLYN, leader of Britain's show-jumping team, for his magnificent achievement everywhere—in England, at Dublin, on the Continent. His brilliant partnership with *Foxhunter* is world-famous. Under his leadership the British team has this year gained many of the most coveted international show-jumping awards. He is seen here on *Monty* receiving the Gordon Richards trophy at Harringay "Horse of the Year" Show.

Old Stagers

GOLDEN CITY (Adelphi).
An admirable musical play of the South African Gold Rush in the 'eighties.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

ACE OF CLUBS (Cambridge).
Minor Coward — but with the Juvenile Delinquents.

MISTER ROBERTS (Coliseum).
A Pacific voyage with the vast Coliseum stage as an American Navy cargo ship and Tyrone Power as its gallant mate.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Comedy).
R. F. Delderfield's long-distance piece, now in its fifth year, runs towards the 2000th performance.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED (Phoenix).
Competent Irish comedy; one lovely performance by Liam Redmond.

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales's).
A flashing Anglo-American revue with the virtue of brevity.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

CAPTAIN CARVALLO (St. James's).
A witty, neo-Ruritanian comedy, with James Donald and Diana Wynyard, and a pair of farceurs in Richard Goolden and Peter Finch.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
If you like the Crazy Gang, here it is—in full craziness.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

AT THE THEATRE . . .

★ First Choice ★

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

(Haymarket)

IT must have been a high night in the British theatre when, on May 27, 1893, an almost unknown actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, swept upon the stage of the St. James's. Her Paula Tanqueray, Pinero's woman-with-a-past, the wife for whom the future is only "the past again entered through another gate," lives in stage record as few performances have done; but the author's part should always be remembered: Mrs. Pat had much to work on in this intensely theatrical drama which has come down to us across nearly sixty years as a major example of the well-made play.

One of my colleagues, after the new Beaton-decorated Haymarket revival, headed his notice, "The Tiresome Mrs. Tanqueray." Maybe that is how some of a new play-going generation will feel. It is strange now to meet a piece that takes the stage so ceremoniously, a stately galleon compared with some of the flickering skiffs of modern comedy. Pinero's dialogue is here at its most rounded and ornate. The play calls for a special style of acting and speaking; for a fullness, an authority to which the contemporary stage is unused. Personally, I do not find *Tanqueray* tiresome: I find any revival of this piece a fascinating theatrical experience, one that must touch any watcher who has a sense of the past and of the days when London crowded to Alexander's theatre and Pinero and Jones were the craftsmen of the British stage.

Leslie Banks seems to me to have the tone of time more than anyone in the Haymarket cast. Aubrey Tanqueray could easily be a cipher: Mr. Banks gives to him a warm life and truth. We believe in this man, lonely and patient, who has been so luckless in his marriages. Eileen Herlie looks beautiful as Paula. On her entrance in Aubrey's chambers in Albany, she takes the stage as Paula should take it; but later on the first night I waited in vain for the enfolding dramatic sweep, the grand manner. Miss Herlie, we know, can encompass this, and it is odd that, at the moment, her Paula is curiously quiet, effective in its way—little could be better than the meeting with Mrs. Cortelyon—but not so much Pinero's Paula Tanqueray as a clever modern actress examining the part closely.

For the rest, Ronald Ward is an uncommonly sympathetic Cayley; Marie Ney's Mrs. Cortelyon has great dignity; and Josephine Griffin and Shelagh Fraser, each in her fashion, speak well for the dewy Ellean and the twittering doll that is Lady Orreyed. Murray Macdonald has produced without excessive pomp.

Leslie Banks as Aubrey Tanqueray

Ronald Ward as Cayley Drummle

. . . with J. C. TREWIN

"THE LITTLE HUT"

(Lyric)

FROM galleon to skiff. I think that the first English title for *The Little Hut* was better. Nancy Mitford's version of a comedy by André Roussin was to have been called *Island Fling* and it is nothing but a fling, a romp in which the company, abetted by producer and designer, kicks up its heels for a couple of hours and hopes that we shall enjoy the spectacle. The joke is agreeable in its first few minutes, when we discover the three shipwrecked survivors, still in evening dress, happy upon a Technicolor island and supplied with more comforts than those of the Swiss Family Robinson. But M. Roussin and Miss Mitford continue to expand their joke ruthlessly, and to enlarge upon the sleeping plans for A, B, and C—husband, wife, and lover—until some of us are tempted to shriek: "We know all about that. Now get on with the plot."

Alas, this is a comedy from the French and there is little more plot. That is the trouble. The piece drifts on (with one new arrival to cheer us a little) until a rescue ship duly arrives. We have to depend upon the acting, which is first-class, with Robert Morley (as the husband) at his most plumply silken and David Tomlinson and Joan Tetzel suitably light-hearted as lover and wife. Peter Brook has produced finely—it took much ingenuity to keep this gossamer floating in the right direction—and the larger-than-life Messel setting is an extraordinary stage picture.

★

"ROSMERSHOLM"

(St. Martin's)

THIS tale of guilt and expiation —now in a supple Max Faber version—is not Ibsen's easiest play, though Shaw once called it "the most enthralling," and said that it rose "like an enchanted mist." It has many elusive overtones. We need as much aid from the players as possible and, in this revival, the Rebecca of the Swedish actress, Signe Hasso, is not invariably helpful. She looks beautiful and her intelligence is obvious. I am sure that she knows all that is in Rebecca's mind, the mind of the woman from the North, from Finmark, who brings doom to Rosmersholm; but she does not communicate it to us: the secrets remain unshared, largely, I think—though she speaks well—because her range of English intonations is still limited. We have to look to the Rosmer, who is Robert Harris, grave and true as always, an actor of the first rank; to the Kroll, firmly presented by Edward Chapman; and to the Brendel of George Coulouris, who fills each of the man's two scenes with an excitement often lacking elsewhere, even at the play's close.

Next Stage

ONE of the season's new musical plays will be a Lee Ephraim production, *Music at Midnight*, with fifteen numbers arranged from Offenbach by Hans May. Guy Bolton has written the book of the piece which is set in Paris in 1853, and will open at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, on Sept. 25, before a London première in October. The leading lady is Genevieve Guitry, and Andrew Osborn has the other principal part, that of Offenbach himself. Others in the cast include Wilfrid Hyde-White, Hannah Watt, Joan Heal, Nigel Neilson, Cameron Hall, Gwen Dante and Olaf Olsen. Wallace Douglas is the producer.

AVON TO SPREE.

Last autumn and winter the Stratford-upon-Avon company visited Australia. I am told that on October 30, at the end of the present Stratford season, the company will go for a fortnight to Germany: to three cities, Berlin (the Staedtische Oper) and Hamburg, and one other—possibly Düsseldorf or Brunswick. The play chosen is *Measure for Measure*, Peter Brook's exciting production which opened at Stratford in March: Andrew Cruickshank, Harry Andrews, Leon Quartermaine, and Barbara Jefford head a company of forty-seven actors and technicians. They are flying to Germany, and will also travel by air between the towns.

A NEW DRAMATIST.

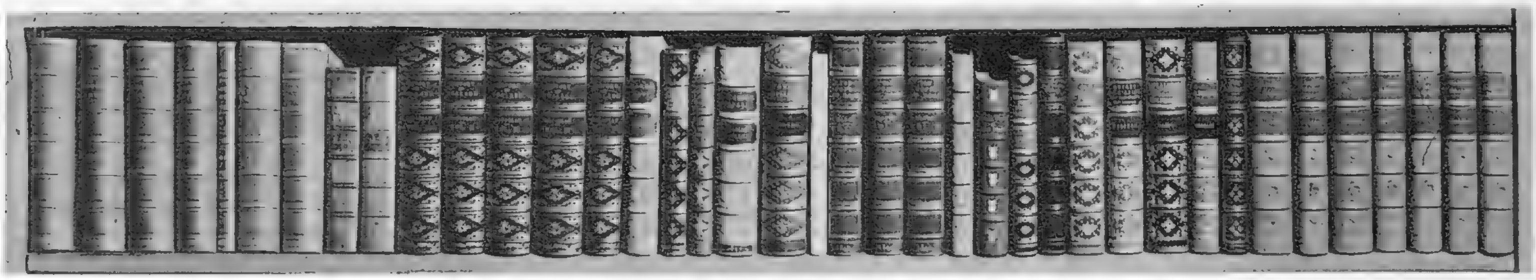
Roger MacDougall, a young Scottish dramatist, will have had three plays in and round London this year when *To Dorothy A Son* reaches the West End during the autumn. His first play, *Macadam and Eve*, which showed the ageless Adam still walking the earth, was done at the "Q" during the spring; *The Gentle Gunman*, which switched to the Ulster-Eire border during the war, was staged not long ago at the Arts; and now we are to have in the West End *To Dorothy A Son*, with Richard Attenborough, Yolande Donlan, and Sheila Sim in the three leading parts. A tour has just begun.

THE NEXT ANOUILH.

During the autumn Peter Ashmore will produce at the Lyric, Hammersmith, Kitty Black's translation of Jean Anouilh's *Eurydice*, with Mai Zetterling in the lead. The play, written in 1941, is said to contain some daring experiments in construction.

GETTING AROUND.

Ruth Draper opens a four-weeks season at the Criterion on September 25; *Traveller's Joy*, after 954 performances, ends on September 23 . . . In *Darling Sylvia*, by Arthur Duchesne, one of the autumn's new plays, Diana Lincoln will appear as a girl of 14 and a woman of 24, 49 and 74 . . . The Bedford, Camden Town, has been so established in mind as the new home of old melodrama that it is sad to hear we shall have no more until the New Year. Meanwhile, the Bedford, until its pantomime, will house twice-nightly revue.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

ROADS TO RUIN. By E. S. Turner. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

GEORDIE. By David Walker. (*Collins ; 7s. 6d.*)

SATURDAY ADVENTURE. By John Pudney. (*Bodley Head ; 7s. 6d.*)

DOUBLE, DOUBLE. By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

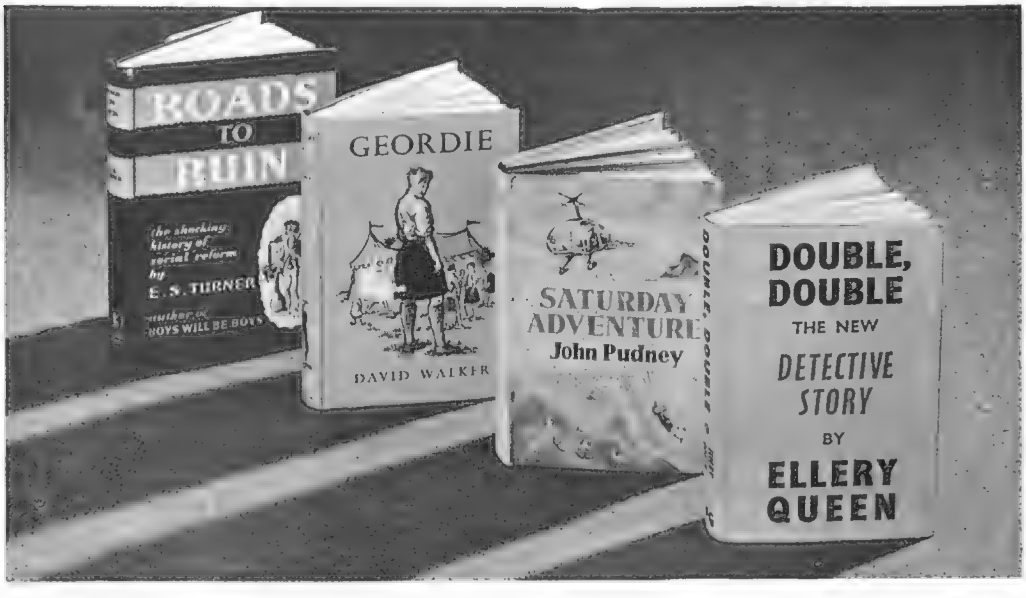
IN his previous book, *Boys Will Be Boys*, Mr. E. S. Turner dug out the history of boys' fiction and made a riotously funny study of it, in which Deadwood Dick and Sexton Blake stood beside Billy Bunter and Dick Barton. This time, with *Roads to Ruin*, his object is less frivolous, though his method is as gay and exuberant. He traces the history of certain social reforms which are accepted nowadays as commonplace, from the time when they were first heard of as the wild suggestions of cranks and busybodies to their final acceptance, often after a prolonged and difficult fight, by Parliament. He shows us not only the promoters of these reforms, the " interfering eccentrics " of the nineteenth century, but their opponents, " usually bitter and often bizarre, sometimes dishonest but all too often honest," and a very strange gallery they make.

Mr. Turner has not chosen the best-known or most obvious reforms to chronicle—the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of women have been amply recorded elsewhere. He writes of boy chimney-sweeps, of man-traps and spring-guns for poachers, of the Shops Act, of the abolition of " hanging, drawing and quartering," of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, of the Married Women's Property Bill, of Plimsoll's reforms, of " Beer for Bairns " and daylight saving. It is a remarkable record, full of almost incredible contradictions and anachronisms, and it reminds us that, as a race, we have only just emerged from some pretty dark and haunted places. It is valuable, it is at times macabre, it is above all enormously readable.

I SHOULD not be surprised to learn that Mr. David Walker's short novel *Geordie* became a best-seller, even to-day, and I am fairly certain that it would have been one in 1900, for it has the cloying sentimentality blubbering behind stern manliness which was immensely fashionable and popular in the novels of a few decades ago. Geordie MacTaggart is, in fact, the direct descendant of Sentimental Tommy, and Jean is that brave, simple " Highland lassie " who waits at home for her " mon," if not actually at a spinning-wheel at least with an inscrutable smile about " what every woman knows." She addresses Geordie, a world champion at putting-the-weight, as " my wee Geordie," and he responds with " my wee Jean " and gives her a hideous hat bought in Boston which makes her cry because Geordie's virile bad taste in choosing " green straw, red feathers, white veil and purple grapes all the way round " is somehow awfully moving to her. To me, I must own, the whole thing seems conceived and written as a powerful emetic.

MR. PUDNEY, on the other hand, has resisted the temptation to go back to *Treasure Island* for inspiration in writing a new adventure story, and *Saturday Adventure* is a streamlined, up-to-the-minute and thrilling story for boys of any age from ten to sixteen, which has the quality, common to all good juvenile fiction, of being readable by adults as well. It is told in the first person by a boy, and starts quietly enough in a familiar setting on the South Downs, near the Pilgrims' Way. The narrator and his friend Fred, who are at the age when cycling is an end in itself but when the exploration of an unknown disused quarry is better still, start off on an adventure from which they are lucky to escape with their lives—as lucky as Jim Hawkins and all the other young heroes of such hairbreadth escapades. The book may be bought for a son or nephew, but it will not, I think, reach him in new condition if his father or uncle decides to see what it is about. A strong recommendation.

THIS week's detective story is the latest Ellery Queen, a bloodthirsty affair in which a murderer does that thing which is frequent enough in fiction if not in life, goes on killing victim after victim to cover up his original crime. Ellery Queen, the detective as distinguished from the author, is called in by a wild-life enthusiast called Rima. A descriptive passage introducing her is worth quoting if only to show to what lengths the writers of detective fiction will go for an easily created distinctive new character : " Women are made of skin, hair, muscle, sweat-glands, ten thousand things ; this girl had the harmony of a figurine. She was of one piece. He kept thinking of Tanagra and terra-cotta, and of how breakable she seemed. Yet when she came in her step was soundless. He thought of elves and birds. When he saw her in the full light there was nothing fragile about her. She was like a miniature fruit at its ripest. A child giving off a womanly disturbance. The child-woman paradox was most emphatic in her eyes. They were as serenely uncluttered, as without guile or guilty knowledge, as the eyes of any little girl ; still, under scrutiny, they veiled themselves as no child's eyes had ever done." This peculiar young creature has just lost her father in strange circumstances and in Ellery's home town, where two other not quite explainable deaths have happened recently. So the detective decides to go down and does so, to find the murderer still busy, working to the pattern set by the old rhyme : " Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief ; doctor, lawyer, Indian Chief." He gets as far as the Indian Chief before anyone is able to check his identity or activities. Not, perhaps, one of this reliable author's very best stories, but still a good puzzle and an exciting chase.



THEATRE.—Dame Sybil Thorndike: for the profound emotion of her Lady Randolph in the revival of the old tragedy of *Douglas*, at the Edinburgh Festival.

J. C. Trewin

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

FILMS.—Leo Genn: a British actor with Old Vic training, who spanks such life out of the *Miniver Story* that he makes the Hollywood stars look like nice amateurs.

C. A. Lejeune

LITERATURE.—Mr. E. S. Turner: for the wit, erudition and sincerity of his "shocking history of social reform," *Roads to Ruin*.

RADIO.—John Arlott: for making cricket commentaries entertaining even to people who don't understand the game.

Frederick Laws

"SUNSET BOULEVARD"—is a piece of effective craftsmanship which tells the cruel story of a lonely woman. Gloria Swanson, in the leading rôle, seen here with William Holden, gives an extravagant and striking performance.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"THE BROKEN ARROW."—James Stewart as a pioneer scout who becomes an Apache blood-brother, and works for a peaceful settlement between red men and white men. A wise, warm-hearted and singularly gentle Western, with some charming Technicolor pictures.

"THE WHITE TOWER."—Five men and a girl of different nationalities—including the delightful Valli—find it symbolically necessary to climb a mountain. Though the symbolism is a bit of a burden, the step-by-step Technicolor account of the climb is magnificent.

"DESTINATION MOON."—A more serious attempt than "Rocketship X.M." to describe the first journey to the moon. The historical facts seem odd, but inter-planetary experts have given the film their blessing, and it is just the thing (in Technicolor) for all space-travel addicts, whether professional or amateur.

"ROGUES OF SHERWOOD FOREST."—Perfunctory little piece, again in Technicolor, purporting to show how the son of Robin Hood forced King John to sign Magna Carta, on fiscal information received by pigeon post from the Court's sole lady member.

"CAGED."—Harsh, hopeless and suitably black-and-white account of life and death in an American women's prison. Good acting by Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead, but dreadfully dispiriting.

"THE MINIVER STORY"—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, seen above, take up their original parts in this somewhat disappointing sequel to *Mrs. Miniver*.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"SUNSET BOULEVARD"

PERHAPS the oddest thing about *Sunset Boulevard* is that it is so singularly like its posters, which you cannot fail to have seen on walls and hoardings round London's West End and West-Central postal districts. That is to say, for once a picture and a poster give you the same feeling, create the same deliberately tawdry atmosphere. Not everyone, I should warn you, will like the feeling.

Sunset Boulevard, a product of the partnership that made *The Lost Week-End*, is a film about Hollywood, done with Hollywood's special brand of hard gloss. At the opening, the body of a young screen-writer is discovered floating in a swimming-pool. He is dead, very dead indeed, but not too dead to tell his own story in a pretty robust voice, off-screen. The swimming-pool belongs to a faded film star of the silent days, one Norma Desmond, and he has been her kept man. Their morbid liaison has been carried on in an absurd, decaying Hollywood mansion, with one grotesque old retainer (Erich von Stroheim), who has once been a famous film director. They have driven in an antique car upholstered in leopard skin, slept in a bed shaped like a gondola, danced on a floor of black tiles ("Valentino said there was nothing like tile for a tango"), with pictures of Norma in her prime simpering down upon them from the walls.

The ex-star is fifty, fabulously rich and suicidally neurotic. At the mere hint that the young man may leave her, she slashes both wrists with a razor. She is also fanatically convinced that she can make a triumphant come-back on the screen as Salome, and spends hours of agony attempting to beautify and rejuvenate herself for the purpose. The young man, too sorry for this wretched, middle-aged relic to shatter her dreams of grandeur, and too weak-willed to give up his humiliating employment, stays on and on with her, and encourages her in her delusions, even though he has fallen in love with a nice girl in the Paramount reading department. It is clear from the beginning that no good can come of their unhealthy association, and *Sunset Boulevard* ends, in fact, with Norma's relapse into utter madness and the young man's death.

I cannot subscribe to a widely-held opinion that the film is brilliantly acted; for nobody but Gloria Swanson is of much account, and it takes a better actress than Miss Swanson to act an actress who is supposed to act badly.

★

"THE MINIVER STORY"

SOONER or later, it was bound to happen. The Minivers, consistently referred to as "those beloved characters," would be forced to come back to the screen and resume their mild adventures. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon would take up their original parts, and the film would presumably be made in England. All this has come to pass. The sequel to *Mrs. Miniver* is here.

Without qualm or hesitation, I say that it is a disappointment. There was something in the first film, sentimental though it was, and false in many ways to British life, that made it welcome and rather comforting in the height of the war-days. The Minivers' war experiences were seen through foreign eyes, but they were experiences we had all, in some degree, gone through. The rigours of bombing, the dread of family loss, the noble agony of Dunkirk; we knew what they meant. The American tribute to British courage was a friendly gesture to each one of us and, where the facts seemed unconvincing, our own memories supplied the drama.

The Miniver Story is a very different thing. It has no ready-made material on which to draw. It has to go on talking about the Minivers, without very much to say. Under the circumstances, the script-writers have fallen back on the old Hollywood device of the fatal disease, and the gallant, starry-eyed heroine who is dying, but won't tell. At the beginning of the film we see Mrs. Miniver visiting her doctor, and from the way she periodically clutches her heart and fumbles in her bag for tiny pills, we are left in very little doubt that she has, crudely speaking, had her chips. The nature of her illness is never clearly divulged—she herself blames it vaguely on "the war and after"—but for the whole of the film's 104 minutes she is plainly on the way to becoming the late beloved Mrs. Miniver. In the end she goes upstairs with a brave smile and fades away very tactfully and very gently off-screen.

Mr. Miniver, who has only been told about her approaching death when he has made plans for the family to emigrate, is naturally cut-up, but rallies sufficiently to say a few well-chosen words about her ghost. Mrs. Miniver will always be there, in his heart and home, he says. Yes, but I am glad to think she won't be there in another picture.

I must admit that I found the resolute sweetness and light of *The Miniver Story* too much of a good thing. The unshed tear and the stiff upper lip can become very trying after an hour and a half. And much though I admire Miss Garson's grace and Mr. Pidgeon's manhood, I thought them hard-pressed to make a show of acting here.

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Helen Shingler playing the name-part in *Marion*, a psychological thriller by Peter Jones, begins to distil the mental poison when she persuades the garage-hand, Tom (finely acted by Stanley Baker), to aid her in murdering her husband, with whom she is thoroughly bored.

Peggy Mortimer, who clowned, sang and played the piano delightfully, provided the one bright spot in an otherwise poor Saturday-night variety programme—" Just for Fun "—recently. The show was produced by Walton Anderson and compèred with embarrassing archness by Brian Reece.

The famous Hôtel de Ville at Calais—a triumph of architecture gone mad—was the focal-point of the successful cross-Channel O.B. reviewed on this page. The highlight of the open-air entertainment given on this occasion was a mannequin parade of dresses made from Calais lace.

1

London—

FUR is to be big news this winter. London designers are in love with it. Paris is mink mad. Milliners have adopted it as a winter trimming and the fur bonnet is back again. In one form or another it finds a place on everything—on jersey dresses, tweed suits, sports clothes and ball gowns. There are cuffs of fur and muffs of fur large enough to hold the weekly shopping. There are head-hugging collars of expensive-looking mink, or merely mole-skin and a great deal of fur banded around hemlines and facings.

Typically British is Digby Morton's top coat (1) oddly reminiscent of Queen Mary's traditional coat style. It buttons high, tapers to the knee, and has a beaver collar. Rodolf designed the velvet feathered toque to go with it. The two casual coats below are both completely fur-lined. Michael Sherard's grey and white tweed travel coat (2) has a chinchilla rex collar, patch pockets to hold literature for the longest journey. The little mercury hat is by Harvane. Mattli's wrapover town coat (3) with corners cut away is in Dormeuil's sage-green velour. The collar, lining, and Olga Mattli's halo are all of luxurious musquash.

Styles come out of Paris at machine-gun speed. We've had them all over the past four years—the huge skirt, the hobble skirt, tent coats and tight coats and a breakneck variety of shoulders, hemlines and pockets. So it would seem that this season is calmer than usual, with no revolutions of line.

Jacques Fath, still pleat-mad, showed a town coat (4) of orange wool pleated from neck to hem, with cuffs, collar and facings of shaded beaver. Jacques Griffe calls his suit with the new seven-eighths length jacket "Je suis snob" (5). This, perhaps, is the epitome of Paris style; fitted, slim-skirted, topped with an opulent collar of Hudson seal. Pierre Balmain's ski outfit (6) comprises a heavy woollen coat of green, lined with navy Persian lamb and worn over a matching fur waistcoat and plaid trousers.

2

3

-Paris

5

4

with Elizabeth Penrose

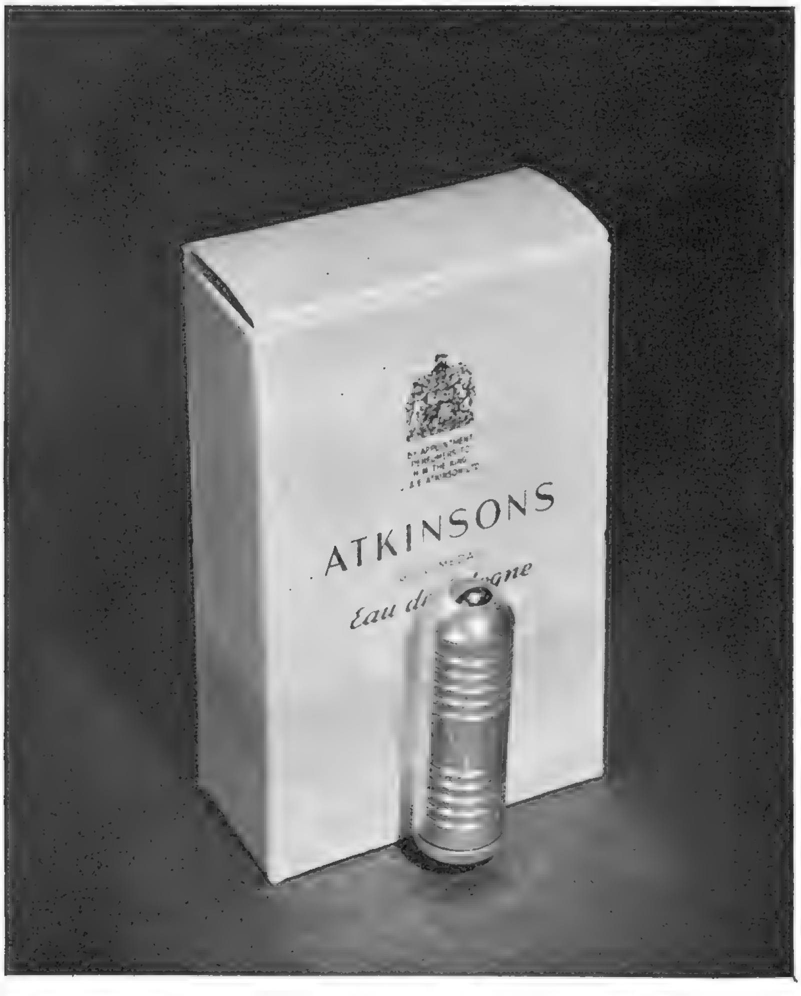
6

AUTUMN

Face up to autumn with a super-rich cream—by Charles of the Ritz.

Pan-Stik cream-type foundation—Max Factor's latest contribution to beauty.

Below: For your handbag—Atkinson's famous Eau de Cologne in a tiny holder.



Below: Tabu coffret—the well-known Dana perfume together with matching cologne and sachet, at 3 guineas.

BEAUTY

Poem—a new range of harmonised make-up by Icilma to suit your colouring.

Feather Pressed—Yardley's non-spill powder technique comes in compact form.

Below. Almost a perfume—Coty's toilet water, L'Aimant or Muguet des Bois, complete with spray.

Below: For an autumn birthday—Helena Rubinstein suggests a travel beauty case, at £12 10s.

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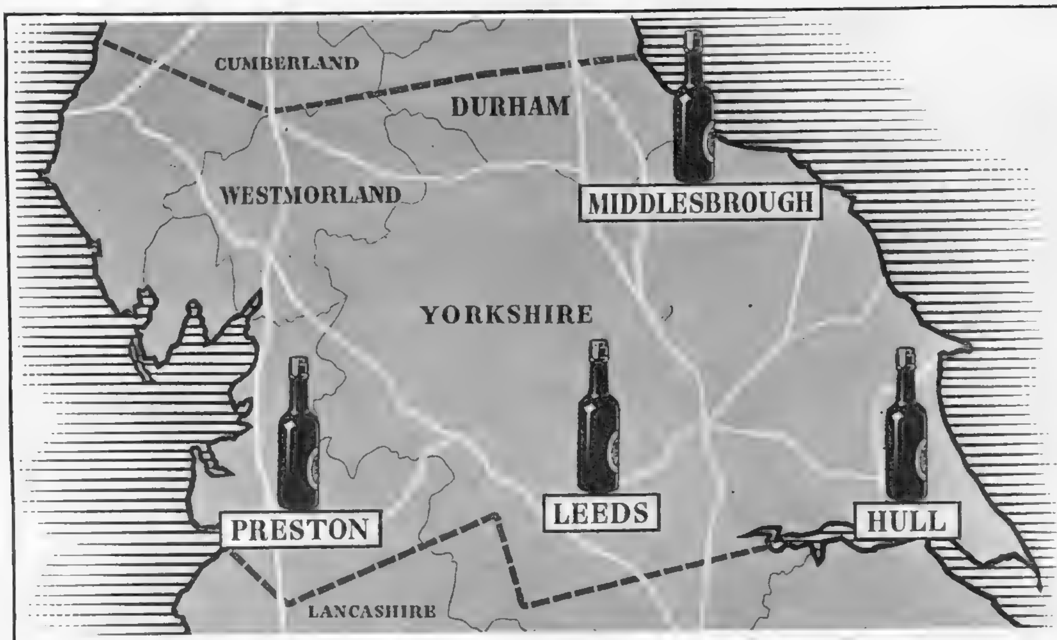

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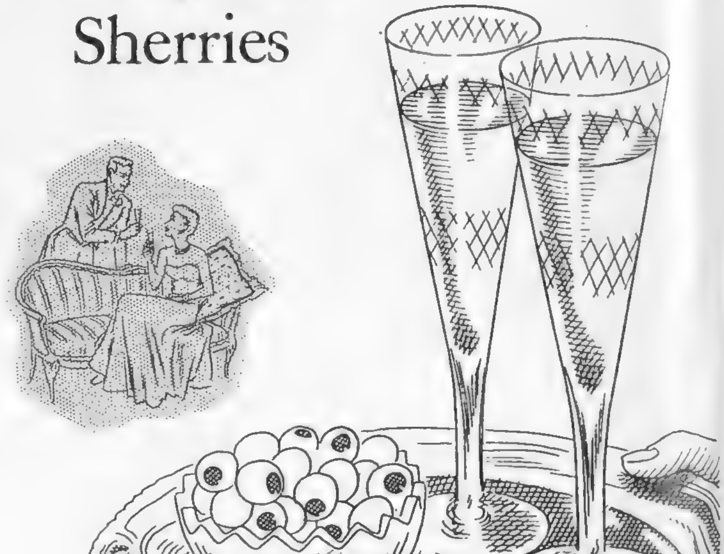

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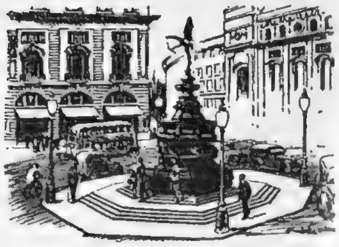

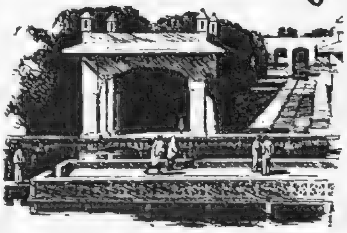

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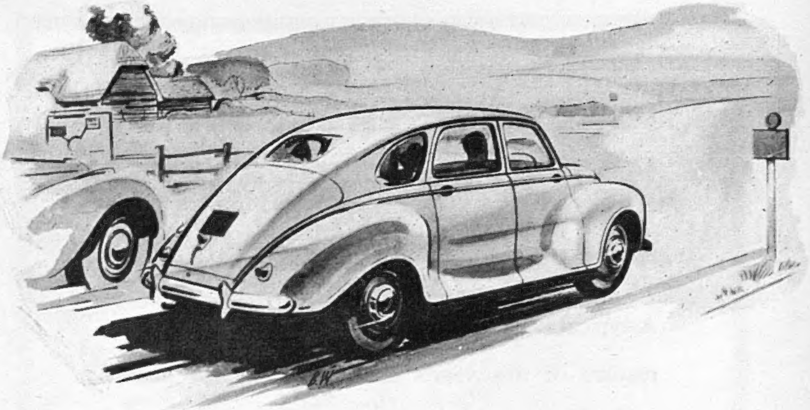

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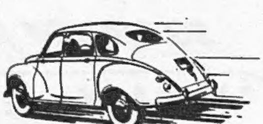

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